

THE ELLIS FAMILY

CHAPTER 2. MARY MAY nee MARTYN ELLIS

Mary May Martyn was born in Olyphant Pennsylvania USA on 1 May 1874 to John Martyn, a Cornish miner, and Dorothy Crawford, daughter of a Stockton Pa miner. The first documentary evidence we have of Mary May is her Baptismal Certificate, a copy of which is included in this chapter. Interestingly the date on this certificate is February 4th 1877, when Mary May was almost 3 years of age.

On 16 April 1877, John and Dorothy with their three children Minnie Maud, Mary May and Reginald Ralph Sleeman migrated from New York in the sailing ship "Annie H. Smith" to Sydney Australia, arriving on 19 July 1877.

For the first 2 years the family lived in Balmain, then moved to Stawell Victoria where John had secured a job as manager of the "New Era" quartz mine. The *Stawell News* dated 2 August 1882 reported that at State School 502 during the Prize Giving, Mary Martyn received Fourth Prize, 1st Division, 1st Class. Mary May would have been 8 years of age and no doubt very proud of her achievement.

The family departed Stawell some time prior to 1887 and settled in Waterloo for a brief period. John then was appointed manager of the Mount Dromeday Gold mine at Tilba Tilbe, and the family moved there in 1891. At this time Mary May would have been 17 years of age.

Except for one specific period between February 1901 and about mid 1902, nothing is known exactly about what Mary May did. At one stage she did work for a Central Tilba retail store called Crapp & Boxsells, but for how long and in what capacity is not known. We do know she was living in the Tilba district in 1904, as is evidenced by the group photo and attendance list for the Montague Island picnic (see copies in this chapter). The period February 1901 through about mid 1902 was when she worked as a nanny to the infant Willie of a wealthy couple Mr & Mrs Shaugham, and was fortunate enough to travel with them around the world. A verbatim transcript of Mary May's diary recording her experiences is included in this chapter.

The next known event in Mary May's life is her marriage in Huntly NZ to John Lewis Spencier Ellis on 10th June 1908. Mary May would have been 34 years of age then. How Mary and John came together is completely unknown. Nothing in fact is known of their life in NZ.

The next known event is the birth of their only child, Rita May, at Waverley NSW on 22 June 1914. It was shortly after this that John volunteered for overseas military service in the 1st AIF (see chapter 1). When John left Australia for overseas, Mary May and Rita moved in with her mother Dorothy, initially at 55 Dennison Street Waverley and subsequently at a house called "Lauriston" in Guildford Road Guildford. This was situated on the left hand side of Guildford road proceeding west towards Fowler Road, and almost opposite Clyde Street. The site is now in 2001 occupied by an incredibly ugly red brick block of units.

Between October 1914 and October 1916 Mary May saw nothing of her husband who was half a world away, and when he did return, his physical health had deteriorated. There is much anecdotal evidence to suggest that as well, John's emotional state had suffered, and that as a consequence, he mistreated his wife and child, and anyone else who happened to get in the way. At this time the family lived in a house which John named "Romani" after the battle in which he was wounded. This house was situated in Fowler Road Guildford (see photo in this chapter), and reliably reported by Marion Armstrong to be adjacent to the water pipe line at what was known as "Pipe Head"

Family lore has it that Mary May was an accomplished milliner, which in those days was a much admired and much in demand skill. The only evidence we can find of this is in the photo of a wedding group dated 18 November 1922. The original photo is not clear and the

reproduction in this chapter even worse to the point where the faces are unrecognisable. What is clear however is the detail of the hat worn by the flower girl (junior bridesmaid) in the foreground. The basic hat was purchased by Mary May at the Guildford hat factory, together with the hat trim materials, which Mary May fashioned and fixed to the hat. The married couple are Arnim Willcocks and his bride Jean nee Keir, the attendants Harold Stephlay and Dorothy nee Parbery Copeland, and the Flower Girl Marion Armstrong. This photo was provided by Marion in May 2001

John died in 1923 as a result of a train accident, leaving Mary May to fend for herself and the 10 year old child Rita. At first, Mary May went back to a previous comfort scene, viz Central Tilba, and took a position as housekeeper for a Mr Ray Negus on a farm near "Braeside", the farm where her married sister Minnie Maud lived. This arrangement lasted about 2 years after which Mary May and Rita returned to Sydney to live with her mother Dorothy, her younger sister Dorothy and the last born to Dorothy (the elder), her younger brother Glanville.

In 1926 her mother Dorothy died, at which time Mary May moved to Gramville to establish and operate a boarding house as a means of having a regular income. At this time Mary May was 52 years of age. For the next 9 years the boarding house operation continued. Then Mary May suffered a serious bout of pneumonia which brought on heart failure, and she died on 5th August 1935 at an early 61 years of age.

Mary May is remembered by those who knew her as a small framed neatly groomed woman with a kindly disposition towards children, and those close to her felt a deep loss with her death.

The book, "Martyn Family History 1801 - 2001" also has some details of Mary May.

As mentioned previously, this chapter has a 14 page transcript of Mary May's travel diary, a copy of her Baptismal Certificate, a copy of her Marriage Certificate and some photographs.



The following pages are a transcript of a diary written by Mary May Martyn commencing February 13th, 1901. The transcript is as verbatim as possible, main exceptions being translation of place names, especially in the Middle East region, and names of people where Mary May's handwriting is not easily interpreted.

As was common at the time, strict attention to the rules of punctuation have not been observed in the diary, with sentences running into each other. In her defence, the diary was not written with the intention of general readership but simply for her own interest.

A number of Mary May's personal characteristics become evident in the text. One is her obsession with cleanliness. There are many references to the state of cleanliness or otherwise of people, towns, accommodation. Another is her perception of natural beauty - countryside, flora especially. A third is her chauvinism towards Australia and things Australian. She is very proud to be Australian (despite being born an American) and in the latter part of her account there are several references to her feeling of home sickness for Australia.

Although it appears that Mary May's lot in life during this journey was to care for the infant Willie, her frequent references to the child's poor state of health reveals a concern for and compassion for the child. She makes not even an oblique reference to what is obvious to a reader of this diary that the parents were more concerned with their own pursuits than they were for their child's welfare. Mary May makes repeated references to Willie's ill health over the whole period of her diary entries covering 10 months. It would be interesting to learn of Willie's ultimate fate, and one would not be surprised if, having been carted around the world sleeping in a hundred different beds, suffering regularly from croup, sea sickness, spasmodic swings in climate and the effects of strange food eaten during a more than twelve month's period, Willie died at an early age.

For the present day reader, it is unfortunate that Mary May ceased to record her memoirs when at San Francisco during late November 1901, only half way through her world tour.

MARY MAY MARTYN'S DIARY

Feb 13th 1901
R.M.S. "Ormuz"

Left Sydney at 12.30 today, Mr & Mrs Shaugham, little Willie and myself. Maggie very sick before tea, myself beginning to feel lousy. Willie troubled with croup & seasickness.

Thursday 14th. Having some very rough weather nearly all on board sick, even the Stewards & Engineers, we were very sick.

Friday 15th. We pass "Storm Bay" and find it very rough indeed & are again inclined to seasickness. After dinner we sight "Hobart". I might here mention that its very pretty coming along the coast great hills & Mountains some of them very picturesque. As we enter the Harbour it makes one long to go ashore & have a look into the Country. At 3.40 we arrive at Hobart, very glad to be in calm water once more & feeling ourselves again.

We go ashore & have a long drive thro' the town & into the country & feel quite repaid for our outing. The roads are very pretty, winding in & out & always something fresh to see. Now some hundreds of beautiful Ornamental Trees, then very large Orchards, then again the Harbour with its little ferries running to & fro. It seems to be quite an event for a large vessel like the "Ormuz" to come here, the wharf has been lined with people ever since she landed, some putting in time by peering thro' the "Ports" which is rather amusing to the passengers as tho' we were some travelling menagerie, but perhaps I will be more amused before I have ended my travels. We had tea in Town after our drive & we thoroughly enjoyed it after our

sickness. To-morrow we have another long drive when Dear Diary I may have something to relate.

Saturday 16th. We are up first thing & go for a drive to a place called "Fern Tree Bower" a good distance out of Town. The drive is very hilly and picturesque, the air is as fresh and bracing. "Fern Tree Bower" is a very pretty spot. One long road (or Lovers walk) with plenty ferns, shrub, ornamental trees & rustic seats. An ideal place for lovers. So what need I say more?

On the way up we cannot help but admire the hills in the distance, the different dwellings, some completely hidden among lovely trees of almost every description. Then again the roads are so clean everything seems so fresh. A mile out of the "Town" & you are in lovely country. From "Fern Tree Bower" we travel back & go part way up the mountain (the name I didn't hear) to the "Springs". The view from there is very fine reminding me very much of Tilba from Mount Dromedary, in fact the scenery all the way reminded me of Tilba & Bega. We had to be on board before dinner to start for Melbourne & I was sorry as I should like to have had more time & then perhaps Dear Diary I could have given a better description of Hobart. We left Hobart at 1 P.M. Feb 16th.

Sunday 17th Very little news today. There was service in the morning 1st Saloon, we had some music & singing on our own account, there being about eight Wesleyans on board, we all got together at night & had a real good sing song. We sang till we were quite hoarse, & as there were Tenors, Bass, Sopranos & Contraltos we were able to form quite a choir.

Monday 18th Feb. I am quite sorry to say we have parted with part of our Choir today. They were very nice people. Our boat arrived in Melbourne this morning at 10.30. As I have not gone ashore yet must wait for some news.

Tuesday 19th. We all went ashore early to the train from Port Melbourne got out at Swanston Street, did a little shopping, then got on another train and went as far as the Aquarium. The approach to Port Melbourne is anything but nice, flat, monotonous looking country, everything surrounding has such a dirty appearance. While riding in the train I couldn't help noticing how dirty every place looked, pokey little weatherboard cottages with shingle roofs, tiny yards, & plenty of coal dirt over everything is about the best I can say for that part of the town, after getting in the city seems a little brighter, but I was very much disappointed. The buildings are not nearly as fine as our Sydney buildings. Certainly their streets are wider than ours & they could show some good buildings to better advantage than we can, the streets are nice & clean. Whether its the Yarra or bad drainage I do not know, but the smells we got every now & then were most objectionable even in one of the large shops it was very noticeable. Shopping, or rather display is very reasonable in Melbourne.

They have the cable tram also, the fares are very dear, 3 pence for a very short ride. I couldn't help noticing how few people were on the streets it does not seem a busy place by any means. Even in the shops, there only appeared to be a few stray customers. We then went on to the Aquarium and must admit it was most interesting. We only had a few hours to spend there. I would very much like to have had a few days, there was so much to see. Beautiful gardens, Grottoes, ferneries & quite a variety of birds & fish. I can't describe how everything was laid out, but it was beautiful & we were well repaid for our visit, they also provide you with light refreshments, we had a really good cup of tea. On our return to the steamer which was to leave at 1-30, we found everything hurry & bustle. There were a great many passengers got on at Melbourne for Adelaide & Fremantle, I don't think there's as many passengers for London, about 18 second I think. I must not forget to mention the trains. The carriages are much more comfortable than ours, they don't travel as fast I think.

Wednesday 20th. Nothing to relate today, some sick passengers, the weather is colder again, the sea very choppy, the boat is rolling lovely which has made it rather difficult to do any writing. Tomorrow morning we expect to be at Adelaide then perhaps I will have some more news for you Diary.

Thursday 21st. We reached "Largs Bay" Port Adelaide this morning very early. Having breakfasted several of us availed ourselves of the opportunity to go ashore on the Tender. It was about 15 minutes to get from the boat to Port Adelaide. Largs Bay is very pretty & as the weather was calm the Bay was like a mill pond. Arriving at Port Adelaide we took trains to the city of Adelaide. The ride to the city is very interesting, part of the way the trains run thro' the main street. We pass thro' several little country towns, it struck me as being a great farming district, the weather was very hot which made all the paddocks look very brown. It is a very flat country. The streets all look so nice & clean, also the cottages, they are built principally of bricks & stone & look so bright, neat & clean. Arriving at Adelaide we hired a cab (as we had only an hour to spend) & made the most of our time. But as we could only get glimpses as we went along any description will not be too clear. The streets are very wide, even more so than Melbourne. There are also some very fine shops & buildings. We had a few minutes in the Gardens, and to a certain extent I was disappointed. I had expected to see gardens much before our Sydney Gardens & also very nice, they have still a lot to do before they can compare with ours. There is not the variety nor the taste displayed that I expected to see, However as I didn't go all over them I must not judge too freely of them. We had so little time. We left Largs Bay about 1-30 P.M. & so far are having lovely weather. There were a great many passengers joined the Steamer, most of them travelling to the West. I am sorry we had so little time as I should have liked to give a clearer & fuller description of Adelaide & Surrounding Suburbs. In three or four more days we expect to reach Fremantle, till then there will be little to tell you Diary. I think I forgot to mention the trains, they are very comfortable & a rather funny thing about them, they run thro' the main streets.

Tuesday 26th. Sunday we had it very rough which made it almost impossible to write. Monday at 12-30 we reached Fremantle. It had calmed down somewhat, we had seven hours there as we had to coal. We found it terribly hot on board thro' having all the Ports closed & I hardly slept all night & felt pretty bad all day today. I must try & describe Fremantle. It is a good sized town & seems a busy place, some of the main streets are rather narrow, the gutters and curbs are of wood, the smell from some of them is vile. It was not as hot as I expected to find it, not nearly as hot as Adelaide, there bring a nice cool breeze. High Street (the principle street) is blocked, is pretty narrow & there seems a plentiful supply of dust. I imagine the shopkeepers have a time trying to keep the place clean, wherever we looked there was plenty of dust visible, in the suburbs its awful. As usual Mr Straughan hired a cab, we drove thro' Richmond, Plymton, & Beaconsfield, very dusty suburbs. We saw several pretty Villas & Houses with the usual thick coat of white dust. To see green grass, would be a rare treat. It is very barren looking soil. They have succeeded in growing a few trees but its sad to see them, they are all bent over, & quite white with dust. The water there is wretched also. Fruit is awfully dear too. Apples 1/- lb. Grapes 6 pence. Oranges about 1 1/2 pence each. Last night we had a musical evening. Mrs Lovett a professional & Mr Allen (Bass) one of McAdors, myself & Mr Philip (Tenor) were part singing we had a good time. Mr Allen also sang some solos, they were a treat, he has a marvellous voice. We anticipate some more singing, in fact they want me to join them on deck in part singing tonight. I may but don't feel too well all day. It has been very hot but tonight its glorious, not a cloud to be seen, the sea like a river almost & a new moon. Maggie moved today into a larger cabin, so they are not so cramped for room now. There's a great many new building going ahead at Fremantle, also great improvement at the Railway Station & wharf. The wharf is very long & there appears to be a good deal of shipping there, coaling vessels etc. It will be close on ten days before we go ashore again, that will be Colombo.

March 5th I have neglected writing this past week. The days have been very trying, the heat has been most unpleasant, such a heavy atmosphere. Saturday & Sunday was very rough so rough that everything had to (be) buckled to the tables during meals. I hung to my bunk and hardly slept a wink in case I should fall out. Yesterday (Monday) we had a very heavy thunderstorm which quickly cleared the decks & also the atmosphere somewhat. The air is still murkey tho'. Last night we crossed the equator. Today (Tuesday) Mrs Lovett photographed a group of us as Maggie was busy with her "Saratoga". She missed it. However we got the baby & I am quite curious to see the picture. We expect to reach Colombo sometime tomorrow. The first saloon are having a concert tonight, some of the 2nd saloon are asked to sing, myself

among the number. Sunday afternoon we went to service, the Doctor always holds service for the Steerage passengers. I played the hymns, Maggie sang a solo very nicely, the passengers seemed to enjoy it very much. At night again Mr Allen sang the "Lost Chord" (as I said before he sings a treat) I joined in a Quartette from Elijah. Willie is keeping well, has cut two teeth & is very good. The best of friends with all the Stewards & passengers. I'm enjoying myself very much.

Wednesday 6th March. Last night we were invited to attend the concert in the first Saloon, our Quartette partly sang "Sweet & Low" for which we received a Champion Encore. Mrs Begbie also sang & was encored. The first class are duffers tho', one young lady might never attempt singing. Altogether it passed off very nicely. Today is extremely warm. I suppose we must expect it coming thro' the Tropics. Colombo, How must I start to describe Colombo. Its something I shall never forget.

Wed 6th at 11-30PM we landed by means of a small boat at Colombo. I was informed that the boat would soon be filled with the darkies of Singalese, but was hardly prepared for the rush and rabble they made. It was simply astounding. Hardly had the steamer stopped before it was surrounded with pulling boats, barges, catamarans etc. To watch them climb the ship's side is very funny, they crawl over each other & are up the gangway while while I would be putting my foot on the first step. They remind me one minute of a lot of bees, & the nest of ants, for they are buzzing round & all jabbering at once & squirming in & out, one has to watch them to understand it would be most difficult to convey to the reader's mind such a scene as watching them swarm the ship. They are so quick in all their movements. We finally worked our way to the small boat & got safely on the other side, rowed across by the Singalese. They are very cunning & all want to be paid. The chap at the stern of the boat asked 1/- or 100 cents each for rowing us across, but we found out thro' the agent or runner that it was only 9 pence at night & 6 pence during the day, He tried hard to get the passengers to pay him, however he did not receive the cash. We all (include most of the passengers) made our way to the "Bristol" Hotel. Talk about attention. They can show our English friends how to be comfortable & contented. This mode of living is so little trouble. I was put in a very comfortable room, everything arranged for visitor comfort & convenience. (Each room is provided with an electric fan, the use of which costs 75 cents per night) I had some most comfortable chairs, also occasional tables & a writing table.

At 6 AM on Thursday I was awakened by a continuous knocking on my door, on opening it there stood one of the very many attendants with a tray. On it was a pot of most delightful tea (by the way, that is the place to go if one would like a really good cup of tea). Also a plate of bread & small dish of butter, jam ditto, some bananas, lump sugar & milk. I'm afraid I felt rather annoyed as I felt very tired & did not wish to be disturbed. However I partook of the tea etc & must say I enjoyed it. I then had a peep thro' the shutters. It was quite interesting & exciting to watch men at work. There were hundreds I'm sure & that was at the back of the building. The higher class of them wear white or thin coats & calico or Holland rolled around their body & legs to form a skirt, if they fancy themselves much they might wear a hat, but its usual for them to carry a large umbrella instead. The heat is intense. There's very few windows, principally large doors with shutters let in to let in the light or keep out the heat at will. There's no mistake they know in Ceylon how to build a house to keep out the heat. The walls are very high some of the rooms have as many as 5 or 6 electric fans in. The Halls are very wide, wider than an ordinary room, with rows of all kinds of easy chairs (and they are easy chairs), Hat stands placed in different positions for the convenience of visitors. There are also Hundreds of the most beautiful palms, ferns, plants that anyone could imagine. The fronts of most of the buildings have a great many pretty arches. They are filled with various tropical plants & lend such a charm to the place beside making it look so cool. The sitting rooms or reading room is filled with all kinds of English papers & books. Everything is done for the comfort of visitors. The dining is very large & deliciously cool, looks very massive such thick walls & pretty arches. The tables are made to seat very comfortably four persons & each have an attendant. Everything brought to you, even pour out the tea & sweeten it for you.

I tasted some Pa Pah (pawpaw) for the first time, a tropical fruit, can't say I like it tho'. It

doesn't look unlike a rock melon & is very rich in flavour, too rich for my liking. The bananas that grow there are different to the Fiji. They are very short with skins almost as thin as a glove & are nice in flavour. They are noted for their curry and serve it in so many different ways, I didn't try it as it's not a favourite dish of mine in the summertime. I've since heard that one must know how to eat it.

There must have been 100 or more servants employed in that hotel. After breakfast Mr S engaged a horse & carriage (their carriages are not like ours) we drove through "Wellawattle" to a place called Mt Lavinia. A most delightful spot quite the prettiest drive I've had in my life. We passed thro' miles of bamboo, Coconut palms & Pa pah trees. The drive is simply indescribable. The roads are so smooth and such a pretty red colour & what surprised one in such a tropical place was the green grass, no brown hills & flats like we see in Australia but a beautiful green. We were all so sorry to have so little time there, the Steamer left at 2 o'clock which gave us just half a day to see a place that would take a month to see. The houses are very noticeable, those that are kept by the English & the upper classes of Ceylon being very beautiful. During our drive to Lavinia we were fairly besieged by women & children begging for money, they would get hold of the back of the vehicle & run a mile or more, & all had the same cry, me very hard up lady, penny lady, you berry good teacher you berry good mother, me berry hungry. They would then throw kisses till they were tired & say goodbye till we thought they would never stop. As I had a back seat & was facing the imps I got a good many kisses. They have one everlasting smile & its a wonder to me that they don't get their ears shifted.

All along the road for miles are little shops such filthy little hovels fish, fruit, & all kinds of rubbish jumbled up together. The fish are cleaned & spread out on the road to dry, or be preserved, I'm not sure which. Colombo is a great place for moon stones. They are to be bought mounted or unmounted & are so very cheap. Their Oriental work is something lovely, its marvellous how it is sold for so little. One funny old fellow came up to me and said, You come to my silk shop, you remember me last time lady, you buy silk last time lady I remember you, last time you come steamer. Of course I remembered I said but it must have been a mistake as I had not been there before. I'm satisfied there's a lot of nourishment in cocoanuts & fruit they have very little else and are all very fat & very erect but the exception of the very old ones. Their mode of dress is funny. I saw one man take his dress (which consisted of one straight piece of stuff) off shake it & put it on again. They are not at all particular. The little piccannies all look so fat & jolly, most of them being dressed with a couple of bangles & a string of beads round their waist.

We had a ride in the rickshaws, they are built after the style of the hooded buggy, are made to seat only one & are drawn by coolies, they are very comfortable. There are hundreds of them to be seen & while waiting the coolies just lie back in them & go fast asleep, They lie about anywhere, on the verandahs, or the roadside, & lead a very indolent life, but when they do work they go at it with might & main.

We left Colombo punctually at 2 o'clock, the Steamer was then surrounded with the natives, dozens of them diving for pennies or silver coins, its marvellous the height they will dive from, some of them being off the top of the ship's boats, they stay under the water such a long time. I was sorry I didn't time them. They come up & put the coin in their mouth, some of them are very small boys, their cry is Di, Di for penny

Friday 8th. Is a lovely day & the weather is gradually getting cooler, nothing to relate but the usual eating drinking & sleeping. Oh we passed three steamers & a lighthouse called Minacoy.

Saturday 9th. We pass another steamer this morning. Willie is not so well this morning, his teeth are giving him such trouble.

March 13th. We are having delightful weather, yesterday we passed several islands, & the north coast of Africa also several Steamers, in five days we expect to reach Port Said.

March 14th. Passed the 12 Apostles, it is rather warm today but exceptional weather for the Red Sea. The Stewards gave a concert at night, some of the musical items were very good, the last part of the program being particularly laughable. I forgot to mention that we met three wedding parties at Colombo. It was quite funny to see the blushing bride drive thro' the streets with her veil & Evening bodice, some of the guests were well dressed in various coloured Silks & did not look too bad.

March 17. We enter the Gulf of Suez and are surprised at the change in the weather, it going from hot to very cold. On both sides of the Gulf it is very rocky, some parts appear to be all rock of the loveliest shades.

There is not much to be remarked upon there until we get to Suez. We lay in the stream for nearly an hour. Suez is a miserable looking place, such quaint looking houses & a few trees. Hardly had the engine stopped before the steamer was swamped with the natives. All trying to drive a trade, Sunday & all as it was. They put their own price on an article but will, in the end, let you have it at your price. However I didn't see anything worth purchasing. Their dress is very funny, much the same style as at Port Said. Coming thro' the Canal we passed several steamers, sometimes having to tie uptill they passed (or vice versa). We had to go very slow thro' the Canal it being so narrow, and the miles & miles of sandy desert. Its rather monotonous. Occasionally we saw a funny little house with a few of the Arabs about, at night it got a bit more interesting, as our steamer had on the searchlight & we went thro' a couple of lakes. We could see the reflection of the searchlight from other steamers for miles, which make it rather exciting. At Ismalia we stopped and took on about 70 passengers. After that I retired.

(Author's note. Little did Mary May think that 14 years and 5 months hence, the man she was to marry would be wounded in the fierce battle of Romani, about 40 Km from Port Said and past which she would shortly travel to Jaffa. As well, the lake town of Ismalia just mentioned in her diary would be the site of the hospital where her husband would be taken for treatment.)

Monday 18th. We arrived at Port Said at 8.30 this morning. Maggie had her toe operated on this morning & does not feel too well this morning. The natives coal very quickly, they each have a basket (not very large) & get one behind the other like a swarm of bees, its marvellous, (considering they must stop to fill up their baskets) how quick they load the vessel, and its rather difficult to pick them out from the coal. I'm disappointed with Port Said. We can't get away from here till Wednesday evening. Its a dirty little town, as far as I have seen now. The children go about so dirty, flies in their eyes & they allow them to stay there too. Such sore eyes as they have, poor little kiddies. The shops here are much before (?) those at Colombo, but let me have a month at Colombo rather than two days here. We are staying at the "Grand Hotel Continental". Its a very nice place, Everything seems clean, its run almost entirely by Frenchmen. They serve a very nice dinner. I was very sorry to leave the "Ormuz" today, everybody had been so kind to us and we made a few friends. Some of them I hope to meet again. It made me feel quite sad saying so many "Goodbyes", and now we don't know a soul in the place & have not heard a word of English from any but ourselves. I'm too tired to write more now but may news & inclination to write tomorrow night.

19th We drove thro' the town this afternoon & saw "Arab Town". I call it of all the filthy holes that takes the cake. I tried to get a good look at some of the Arab women, a strange thing about them they are not allowed to show their faces. They wear a lace affair brought from the nose and hanging nearly 1 yard long over the forehead & across the shoulder is a black shawl & down the forehead & between the eyes is an arrangement like a candle holder generally of brass so that all is visible are the eyes. I tried to get a good look at several of them but they turn and avoid one. I had an Arab's wedding described to one. The bride is placed in a carriage, the carriage is covered all over with blankets, the bridegroom & rest of the party walk behind each with a burning candle on their heads. Port Said is filled with Greeks, Italians, Egyptians, Frenchmen, Arabs, Turks but very few English. The girls are all fat ungainly looking creatures, occasionally I see a pretty face which I take as belonging to a French maid.

The way the Arabs go about is terrible, rags & filth, filth & rags. Their houses are filthy dirty

& don't appear to have any furniture in them. The children mostly have sore eyes caused by the flies and they are allowed to remain in their eyes, the children or their parents would hardly think of driving the flies away. Its a French place we are staying at, its a long way behind Ceylon, the rooms are not kept as nice, no (nor) are they fitted as comfortably. We have breakfast any time before 10 o'clock, lunch 12.30, Dinner 7.30PM. They have some very tasty dishes. A great many people have their meals on the street, Tables & chairs being placed there for that purpose. They sit then eat, drink, smoke, play cards all day. To me Port Said seems a regular gambling Den. Another Monte Carlo, only everything they have is very dirty. I have quite a time trying make the Frenchmen understand whay I want. I go to the kitchen to make Willie's food . There's generally 6 or 7 of the natives out there. They pretty well understand my requirements mostly.

20th. Its a lovely day. Hot winds & plenty of dirt. We leave about 7 o'clock tonight for Jerusalem. Willie has a slight cold today.

21st. We reach Jaffa about 10 o'clock this morning & are taken across by means of a small boat. There were a great many travelled by the "Euterpe" all for the same purpose (or nearly all) to see the "Holy Land". We get safely across and after walking thru' several narrow (Alley ways) or Streets we come to our carriage & are driven to the Hotel, Jerusalem Hotel. Its quite a new building & is beautifully built, solid stone, the floors are of marble. Everything is so clean & cool. The rooms are numbred off bible style, (????) 1, Abraham 2. & so on like that, each room having a number & a biblical name. Willie by this time is very hungry & sleepy so I keep him while his mother & father visit Simon House They bring home some figs & flowers from there. After dinner we travel by train to Jerusalem. We are provided with a splendid guide who explains everything as we travel along. Its rather difficult to remember each place, however I will put down whatever I can think of.

In the first place we pass thru' the Plains of Sharon, they extend for many miles part of which is "Roshchids Orange Grove", a beautiful place acres & acres of oranges & olives

Then we pass Yayar" next day on where the image fell, thereforfe a place of note. To the right are the hills of Shamaria & Sheteanu (spelling ???). Then the valley of "Lydda", where Jesus commanded () to take up his bed & walk and he straightaway walked to Jerusalem. Our next stop is Ramleh where Nicademus was born.. Then acres of olive grove, a lovely sight. To the left as we go along are the Hills of Judeah. Sajed Station next Deir Abau. To the left again we see the cave where Samson hid himself Valley of Roses. Our guide told is that in the season the roses were to be smelt for miles around. They are what the real rose water is made from (Dal Har is the next place, a Turteich Village) Phillips Well, Plains of Ephraim near Village Sappho. Arriving at Jerusalem about 6 o'clock PM we are driven to the "Grand New Hotel".

The scenery all the way from Jaffa to Jerusalem is "Grand" & what I fail to understand is the poverty among the people. It is indeed a land flowing with milk & honey. Thev land is beautiful. There's thousands & thousands of fruit trees & grape vines & there appears to be splendid crops of fodder & yet the cry is "Backtiisheeh", they appear to live no better than the wild beasts

22nd. Mt Zion. Mosque Omar. Temple of the Money changers. The Golden Gate. In the old walls of the city.

(Page 29 of the diary has been left blank, presumably for Mary May intended to complete her experiences relating to the entry for 22nd at a later time)

23rd Saturday. We start from Jerusalem 7.30 AM for Jericho. Reach Jericho in about 3 hours. We had a comfortable carriage & 3 horses, a good guide & a good driver. The drive is rather interesting, wherever we look it was hills & mountains. Some of them well worn with cattle tracks. We passed several kinds of sheep & goats. There were several points of interest We passed thru' Gethsemene, past the old walls of the city Herod's Gate & very conspicuous for miles around is what they call the Mountain of Temptation where our lord was tempted by the

Devil & there's a place erected out of stone & marble to mark the spot. Just below, the Greeks have built a convent. Arriving at the Hotel we are immediately driven to the "Fountains of Elijah" so called because he was supposed to have purified the spring & there has been good water ever since. We had a drink from it, also washed our hands and I must truthfully say it was good water. We return to the Hotel & rest till luncheon. At 2 o'clock we make a start for the "Dead Sea" & River Jordan. We pass the place where it was supposed John the Baptist was beheaded. It's a very dusty drive, several times we have to alight as the road is very steep & narrow.

We stay at the Dead Sea for a few minutes, then journey back to the River Jordan. We were fortunate enough to be able to get a boat & go on the river, it is indeed a lovely river. I washed in fact we all did. I also washed a silk handkerchief, and we each filled a bottle with the water to take away with us. After leaving there we drove straight back to the hotel & had a real good dinner. They know how to look after the travellers in these parts.

Sunday 24th. We get up at 5 o'clock have breakfast & start back for Jerusalem getting there in time for lunch. After lunch we again take our place in the carriage & with our guide drive to Bethlehem & see the place where our Savior was born. Also several tombs that have been cut out of the solid rock, some of the chapels have been hewn out of the solid rock are rather pretty. Bethlehem is well worth visiting it being Sunday we saw several of the different worships.

Monday 25th. We leave Jerusalem behind & make our way to Jaffa where we join the steamer for Port Said. The boat was wretched we were not sorry to leave it next morning.

Sunday 26th. We leave the steamer 7 o'clock this morning going thru' Customs Offices & on to the station. We start for Cairo at 8.50. The next part of the journey was rather monotonous but at Ismailia we changed. The next train was a decided improvement, we had a very nice lunch on it & a very comfortable carriage. The scenery is very pretty there being miles of rice fields or plantations. The cattle all look well cared for, the people are clean & better dressed. We arrive in Cairo at 4.40 PM & are quite delighted with the appearance of the town.

Wednesday 27th March. We start the morning for the Pyramids at about 8.45. Again we are fortunate in having a very good guide & a good turn out. The drive there is very pretty indeed. The buildings as we pass thru' the town particularly taking our attention. Some of the hotels are just lovely. After crossing the bridge over the Nile we pass thru' miles of rice & clover fields which makes a beautiful picture. Hundreds of camels, donkeys, Buffalos etc. are to be seen in the fields at work or feeding. They all look so fat & well cared for. After the uncared for appearance of the animals & human beings around Jerusalem, one can appreciate the difference.

Arriving at the "Pyramids" we each mount a camel and ride as far as the "Sphinx". It was built over 1000 years ago of Granite & Alabastre. The floor is of Alabastre & also the top chambers. The bottom rooms are of granite, some of the pieces are so large that I am quite puzzled to know how they were put in position. We noticed the nose of Sphinx had disappeared & on enquiring of our guide he informed us that Napoleon had fired a gun at it & blasted it off. We saw the place where the nose was found in the bull rushes (but the rushes are no more) also Pharaoh's tomb.

Leaving the Lybian Desert we drive to Mena(?) House & partake of a lunch provided by the Hotel. After lunch we again make a move our next halt being the museum where we saw hundreds of mummies of very ancient Egyptian Kings, Queens, Priests etc. I did not enjoy that part so much as all the inscriptions & notice were Greek to me. Still there is no doubt but the mummies are the Genuine article. Some of them are just crumbling away. I'll never forget Cairo it's such a beautiful City.

Thursday 28th. Stay in today weather very warm

Friday 29th. Exceedingly hot today. Stay in all morning After lunch we drive out to see the Howling Dervishes, a Mahomedan religion. I will not try to describe them for I could not, But they earn the name they have . From there we drive to old Cairo & see the old palace of Hasan Pasha on Rhoda Island, quite at the end of the Garden is the Nilometer constructed by the Omayyade Khalif Suleman AD 715 - 717 & restored by the Khalif El Mamun AD 813 - 833. It is a well built of hard stone in the centre of which rises an octagonal column on which is marked the fluvial scale in ancient Arabic cubit. As soon as the water reaches a certain height the ceremony of the cutting of the Khhalig takes place, either in the first or second week of August. That is when the land is irrigated. Near there is where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter in the Bullrushes, the rushes have disappeared long since. We were right glad to get in from the heat.

Saturday 30th. The weather is much cooler today. This morning we drove out to see the Khadive saw a splendid midday array, all the different consuls, English French American etc. It was a very nice sight to see the runners or heralds running before the carriages. After lunch we drive to the village of "Matariah" five miles distant to see "Obelisk of Heliopolis". This obelisk was raised by Useratesen BC 2433 (?) is a monolith 66 feet high quarried out of red granite from Syene & is one of the most ancient. After seeing that we next proceeded to a large Sycamore tree, called Virgins Tree planted in the seventeenth century in place of one that preceded it. According to tradition the Holy Virgin rested on it after her flight from Egypt. We next go all over the ostrich farm, which is very interesting. There the birds are reared on a very large scale, we saw three or four hundred of the birds, some just a few days old, some a few weeks. They are awfully pretty & will eat almost anything, we gave them even pebbles.

April 7th. I have neglected your diary, but our boy has been bad for a whole week with his teeth poor little chap & I have had no inclination for anything Today we are in a fog were in it about 14 hours going at the rate of 48 miles a day somewhat different to 350 miles. Some of the passengers have been very nervous. The fog lifted about noon, when it did we were very close to land (Marseilles where we take on a few more passengers & lose a few, two out of my cabin, one I was not sorry to say good bye to she was such a crank. Willie still keeps miserable.

8th. We got in a fog again last night, the fog horn going all night, however the sun got the best of the struggle about 9 o'clock this morning so we now are having charming weather & a very calm sea.

Willie is still very unwell having had a bad night, he is sleeping now, I write this to keep guard over him in the cabin.

April 9th. We are again in a fog & remain in it for some hours.

Monday 11th. Yesterday it was extremely rough all day & bitterly cold. Today we are in the Bay of Biscay are having a lively time of it , the ship is pitching about & great waves are breaking over her, a great many passengers are sick. Willie is on the mend, he has had a bad time of it. Tomorrow we expect to reach Plymouth.

Sunday 13th. We reach Tilbury Docks early this morning what with waiting for (?) & luggage it was almost noon when we left & 1.30 when we reached our Hotel. We are staying at Bernards so far must say I like it & feel quite at home. Willie is better today. I feel the cold very much. A fortnight ago we had 100 degrees & now its no more than 50 or 60. It is an unpleasant day, mizzle & fog, sometimes we couldn't see the scenery for the smoke from the train & the fog. I hope to be more favourably impressed with London when the sun shines & Willie is quite well.

April 19th. There has been nothing of interest to write about as I have not gone about, till yesterday morning when I went to the city. We were in Paternoster Row & bought some music. Were in Cheapside, Ludgate Hill & hurried thru' the Royal Exchange, Also I saw Mappin & Webbs grand display of silver jewellery & last of all we had a hurried peep thru'

St Pauls. Its a fine old building, its well worth a whole day. Willie is a good bit better today, he has been very poorly for nearly three weeks.

May 23rd. How neglectful I have been, I must try to fill in the space a little. We left London four weeks ago for Blyth . While in London I was out very little on account of Willie's illness. I'm pleased to say he's quite recovered & is almost walking therefore a fair little mischief. While in London I went thro' Madame Taussards & to see the Christy Minstrels, and had a peep at some of the West End shops. However I don't care about London, am very much more in love with Scotland. Blyth I never would like , the surrounding districts are very pretty . Newcastle-on-Tyne, Jesmond & Jesmond Dene I'm in love with. When we go back to Blyth a party of us will likely spend a few days exploring some of the (?). We left Edinburgh this morning for Perth. Edinburgh is one of the most delightful cities I have seen yet, such a lot of fine old historical buildings. We were shown all over the old castle (Holyrood), & the Holyrood palace. I wont try to describe everything when I say its a charming old city. I must stop for want of words to express myself. This afternoon we drove over the town & thro' the country of Perth.

England is in a state of beauty, clad in her spring garments all the hedges and trees just breaking into blossom. I'm in love with England more every day & if America can show us more beauty (natural beauty I mean) than England then I have a rare treat in store. The weather is all that can be desired & I'm looking better every day. Tomorrow we start for Inverness . Scotland is a bonny place & I don't wonder the people boast of it for they have good reason.

May 24th. This is my dear Mother's birthday, the holiday is still kept at the King's request. We left Perth this morning by the 9.20 train, for Inverness, the ride all the way is exceedingly lovely. The timber & hedges are thick & all one glorious green, the shades are perfect, all the way we seem to be following rivers & creeks lending a charm to what seemed almost perfect.

We arrive at Inverness about 2 o'clock ready for our lunch. We are staying at the Palace Hotel, a fine building fitted with every comfort & commanding a nice view facing as it does the River & Castle which stand on the opposite hill. I took Willie out for a walk to investigate a little on my own account, it was awfully dusty & after walking along the river bank & crossing to the other side, I was glad to turn back, for Willie is no lightweight, & I was completely exhausted, altho' I'm getting heavier every day. I suppose I will see some of the town tomorrow then for more news.

May 25th. We all went for a drive today. We were right thru' the cemetery, its very pretty, to see it from a distance its hard to imagine there is anything there but trees, The cemetery is on a very steep hill it is formed in terraces. Of course the road winds round & round, at the top you can command a splendid view of the town & canal. Inverness is a very nice place. Mr & Mrs S think it much prettier than Perth. It may be but if so I didn't see the pretty spots. To my mind Perth is by far the prettiest place. Such pretty country roads & Avenues.

Sunday 26th. I didn't go anywhere except a little walk at night but feeling so much alone I came back & went to bed.

Monday morning very early we were up & away by the 7 o'clock boat for "Banair" all among the Highlands. Arriving there about 3 o'clock. We proceed to the "Banair Hotel". Its a fine building, nice large rooms everything very clean & comfortable but like all places managed by "Menzies" they know how to charge.

Tuesday 28th. We go by train to a place called Mallaig. Its quite a new place. We just have time to walk to the Station Hotel for lunch & back in time for the return train. The Station Hotel is quite new, in fact it is hardly completed. It will be a splendid place. Everything is being done for health, comfort & convenience. Mallaig is not much of a place that will be much patronised by tourists. The scenery varies from Banair to Mallaig although we are surrounded by mountains all the time. Now we have lakes on one side then on the other, some dotted all over with pretty little islands some we have pretty bush scenery. There's a lovely variety of trees in

Scotland & the hedges are glorious but nowhere have I seen the pretty undergrowth that our Australian mountains possess. There's the blue bells & classic buttercup. Some places you will see primroses as thick as they can be but none of them are as beautiful to me as our great variety of ferns, the delicate little fern that you grow all round the trunk of the tree fern, the pretty maiden hair, giant maiden hair a rare ferns & plants too numerous to mention

Wednesday 29th. We leave Banair by train for Fort William. At Fort William we join the steamer for Oban. We intended spending a day or two there but as it was so wet next morning, Monday, Mr S decided it best to travel to Glasgow as we could do no sightseeing in the rain. So we left by the 12.35 train for Glasgow. I was sorry too as it turned out fine, we passed several pretty pleasure places, they seemed from the peep I had to be much prettier than some of the places we stayed at. When we arrived at Glasgow it was raining. We were at once driven to the Windsor Hotel. I have tea brought upstairs. I'm feeling very weary. Babes too are very.

One has to be always trying to devise some new plan of amusement so as other people will not be worried with him. Willie is a good boy & a good traveller, still he is a baby & requires a deal of attention. I have a fit of the blues & have been wondering whether all are well at home or at Blyth. I can't keep any thoughts from running there, especially home, much as I fight against it. In a nut shell I'm positively homesick. Perhaps when I'm among friends again it will be different.

Friday 31st. Maggie & Mr S have gone out for the day. I stay behind with Willie. I will have my lunch & dinner brought up to me. Don't feel over special today, am very weary. Perhaps I will write some more tomorrow. It's a disagreeable blustery day.

June 1st. We all go to the Exhibition today, it's a lovely day, we are quite delighted with the Exhibition especially to find that Australia has some exhibits. West Australia & Queensland each having a court. I felt like crying out "Hurrah" for dear Australia. Their Courts certainly did them great credit, there were no others of the kind to equal them. I was very disappointed to find nothing from New South Wales. WA had a fine lot of exhibits shells, cereals, paintings, wild flowers, wood work etc, the woodwork was splendid, I saw nothing finer of its kind anywhere, We leave Glasgow & return to Blyth dirty old Blyth. Can't say I had a very good time there, but felt sad saying goodbye to some of the folks especially Mrs T---. She was always so kind & I'm sure we would have loved each other very much. She did cry when we left. From Blyth we go direct to Barrow in Furness staying with Mr Wm Bell for about three weeks. That three weeks was very uneventful so I will not dwell on it. One afternoon we visited Furness Abbey, it's the finest old ruin I have seen in all my travels & very ancient. We had our pictures taken 3 or 4 times. A day or two later the four cousins left for Ireland leaving (???) Scott & myself to housekeep & look after the babies, & as Mrs Scott had a baby & I had to look after Willie we hadn't much time at our disposal, so I saw nothing of Barrow. They came home the night before I left for Wales. Mr & Mrs Scott, Willie Bell myself went to the Draughtmen's Sports which was rather good fun. Next morning I left for Cardiff to visit my uncles & had a splendid time, my only regret being so little time. From Barrow to Wales it takes about 10 hours. I had to change four times. At Crewe I was met by a cousin of my Aunt Mary's, a Postmaster of that town. It was strange to hear my name spoken in a place where I thought no one knew me.

He was very kind and put me on the right train to Cardiff, I enjoyed myself so much and was nearly tempted to stay longer, but that would have been inconvenient. As it was I saw very little of London. While in Porth my uncle drove to Llantrissant see an aunt and cousin and the old home of my father. I received every kindness there. I couldn't help comparing Llantrissant (especially the old part) to the Holy Land, hilly country, old stone walls & other things which made it seem familiar. Leaving Llantrissant the next day (we, my aunt & I) return to Porth, spending the day at uncle Dick's, and then back to Uncle George's for the evening. I always fancied I was going home when on my way to George's. His wife is so nice, we got along fine together. I spent one afternoon at the school with her, they have two such dear little children, pigeon pair.

We left London July 10th for America per SS Oceanic one of the finest vessels afloat, she is magnificent quite a floating palace. There we received every kindness. I met our table Steward of the "Ormuz". He was one of the Stewards in first Saloon & used occasionally put a box of grapes in my state room. As grapes from England they were about 2/6 lb. I appreciated them & they were very fine. We had nice weather across the Atlantic but was expecting very hot weather when we got to New York & before we touched the wharf we could smell the hot wave 'or winds'. We arrived very early in the morning & spent a few hours waiting our turn to get off. We finally got off then had to hunt for our luggage & put it in the hands of a Customs Officer. He went thro' them very quickly altho' it seemed hours to me. The heat was intense & Willie was tired out & would not keep still. I was completely worn out & disgusted with America, not a good first impression. Well we finally got away from there & boarded a street car to the ferry & crossed to Jersey shore expecting our luggage to get there almost as soon as we did, Pitied poor Mr Straughan running all over the place to see what had become of the luggage, and a scorching day it was. There had been some mistake & the boxes left at the wrong place. Instead of reaching Philadelphia at dinner time we got there at 7 o'clock at night tired & disgusted.

All Maggie's sisters were there waiting to see her. The first two months we spent there were very uneventful, the weather being entirely too warm to venture out of doors. I never experienced such weather (so continuous the heat) in Australia & felt like going home if only it hadn't been so far to walk. When the weather got cooler I liked it better & went out more. M Wm & Auntie had a fortnight away leaving me behind with Willie. He was poorly from so much heat & couldn't sleep & wouldn't let me either. I'm afraid I called America a lot of disagreeable names.

Emma Field called & made my acquaintance. She is quite a public personage. An Electionist and teacher in Physical Culture. She took me out several evenings to see her friend & she calls on very nice people so I saw thro' some of the lovely homes of Philadelphia, & was always asked to come again. By that time (our time was getting limited) thro' her I was asked to several homes (but had to decline with thanks). A Mr Sutieus Barrister narrated me some news of "Fairmount Park" & tho' so poorly impressed with America at first was rather sorry to leave only for the Magnet that draws me away "Home". Poor Auntie took it very hard when we left. She felt as tho' she would never see Maggie again. I'm afraid she would be ill & liked the cousins all so much. But I think Elsie had the warmest spot in my heart. We had our pictures taken together, one is to be framed for mother then she can have us always with her (if she wears it).

Oh we left Philadelphia Nov. 21st for San Francisco stopping the first night at Niagara Falls & spending all day Friday 22nd visiting the different falls & springs. The Falls are the finest I ever expect to see. The fall of water is immense especially the Canadian Falls which form part of the Horseshoe Falls. They are a beautiful sight. The fall is so great that when the water reaches the bottom there is so much spray & mist that one wonders where the water goes, not being able to see the bottom. The Falls are most indescribable. I don't think pen could ever do them justice or tongue either. Must see to understand. We had a very fatiguing trip across the continent spending one night at Colorado, getting there late at night & tired out. Next morning we were off again for Salt Lake City. I was somewhat disappointed there, having heard so much about it. The city is well laid out & boasts of some very fine buildings. Perhaps I was too tired to appreciate or enjoy the fine scenery.

The air didn't feel as bracing as at Colorado. We had a long drive in the afternoon & saw several of the homes of Brigham Young's wives (twenty six wives all told I understand). Some of them are very fine, one in particular which he had built for his favourite wife just before he died. The streets in Salt Lake City are very wide, the widest I have seen. Unfortunately it had been raining & the streets were in a shocking state. Our next stop is Maywood Colony California. There we felt like going home, the air felt so good. Everything had such a fresh country appearance. We were not met with such kind treatment, so felt like being home instead of at an Hotel. Next morning we all go for a drive thro' numerous orchards, oranges & Olive Groves, quite a pretty sight, thousands of acres and all in a

flourishing condition. Our horses took fright & nearly threw us “overboard”, fortunately they ran in some heavy mud & we were saved. Willie was upset for days over it. In the afternoon Maggie went out again, leaving me with Willie. He didn’t seem very well & we thought the rest might do him good. Next day there was no mistaking his illness, he had a severe attack of croup which lasted all the time we were there, about five days, and that was the end of our outing much to our disappointment, and we were so much in love with Maywood. The last night we were to go out for an evening it rained so hard & Willie was still unwell so we did not go. Our next stop is San Francisco where we spent a week.

Author’s note. At this point, for reasons unknown to us, Mary May ceased recording her diary notes. In her note book are some names and addresses, and two recipes. These are transcribed as follows

Mr E. Latie (or Latre), Engineer’s Office, G. W. Railway, Millbray, Plymouth (presumably this is Plymouth UK)

Mrs Windrocs (or Windroes), Pictant S Gardens, The Boulevarde, Toronto, Lake Macquarie NSW.

C?? Wm. Bell Esqr, 9 Catherine Terrace, Waterloo Blyth, Northumberland England.

G F Martyn, Hawthorn cottages, 65 Aber Rhondda Rd, Porth ?S? Glamorgan Wales

? H Lynn Esqr. 235 Jamestown Street, Manayunte, Philadelphia PA. USA.

Rev. Father Greene, Editor St. Josephs Advocate, Baltimore USA.

Rev. Bro. Tobias, Baltimore.

Mrs Galloway, 32 Lordship Park, Stoke Nerwington, London

Mrs G Matthews, Chloride Street, Broken Hill

Miss Jenkins, 4 Queens Parade, Cheltenham England.

Mrs Mandeville, 13 Gordon B’ld’gs, Flinders Lane Melbourn

Mrs A Currie, Magic Street, “Coblergh” Mosman

Miss B Manuel, Smith Gate, Llantrissant, Glamorganshire

H Henderson, 20 Westward St, Middlesbro, Yorkshire.

Mr Henry G Allan, California Hotel, Bush Street, San Francisco USA,

Mrs H J Hicks, 2342 North 9th Street, Philadelphia PA

Mrs J Saunders, 211 Glenmore Road, Paddington

Mr Amos Warden, 24 & 25 King William Street, London EC

Mr Robt. Crawford, 402 E. Walnut Street, Hazleton PA. USA.

Miss Hicks, 2055 E Dauphin St, Philadelphia

Mrs N A Crawford, Bidwell Ave, Chico, Butte County, California

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CHEESE OMELET

Break 3 eggs into a basin, beat till light & frothy, add a pinch of salt & pepper & 2 ozs of mild grated cheese. Melt an ounce of butter in an omelet pan. As soon as it bubbles up pour in the egg mixture. Prick all over with a fork to prevent it sticking. When just set, fold it over carefully. Lift on hot dish with egg stick & serve at once.

FRUIT SALTS

8 oz cream of tartar, four C. Soda, 4 Tartaric acid, 6 packets salts. Grind the salts well mix thoroughly. Keep in a well corked bottle.

MOTHER SUGELO SYRUP

Take half stick best licquorice, half oz butter, Aloes, 6 worth oil of aniseed, as much Cayenne Pepper as will lie on a shilling & one pint of water & one small cup of sugar. Pound Aloes & Liquorice very finely & put into a jug with sugar, pepper & water & let it boil till all the mixture is dissolved. Take off fire when nearly cold, stir in the aniseed . Bottle & cork ready for use. Shake the bottle well & take half a teaspoon after each meal. (M. Churches)

COUGH MIXTURE

Large stick liquorice, 1 lb treacle or syrup, 1 quart water, 3 pence worth of essence peppermint, 3 pence worth paregoric, 3 pence worth Laudanum. Break or bruise the Liquorice & mix with treacle & boiling water. When cold mix in the other ingredients. (Mrs Churches)



**Royal Mail Steamer (RMS) Ormuz. Built by the
Orient Company of England in 1886 for the
England Australia trade. Registered tonnage 6031**